

HEADS UP

Debarkation Hospital, No. 52, Tuesday, April 1, 1919

Vol. II

"All is not gold that glitters"

No. 78

Movies at Red Cross House Wednesday night

Courtesy of Y. M. C. A.



The tall, handsome blonde Corporal of the Guard

HEADS UP

Published daily, except Monday, at U. S. Army Debarkation Hospital, No. 52, Richmond College, Va.

STAFF

General Manager.....Corp. Hanson
Circulation Manager.....Pvt. Dunning
Staff Correspondent.....Pvt. Midkiff
Staff Cartoonists.....Dunning and Hanson

AND

Everybody on the Post.

Direct all correspondence to the General Manager, "*Heads Up*."

He came in the early days when this was a General Hospital. Ward Surgeon, then, but with the transformation of the Post into a Debarkation Hospital he came into the limelight in the role of Morale Officer. It could not have been otherwise. He just naturally fitted in for such a task. Tall, erect—a splendid physique—and smiling; so I first saw him, (and that was but a few weeks after my arrival at the then General Hospital No. 22) and so he has remained all along.

Encased 'neath this giant and kindly exterior, there breathes a kind, honest, and magnificent soul. His watchword has been, "Justice and fairness to all," his slogan "You first and then me."

More than mere duty, it is his ability and ambition (by nature endowed) to mix all the sunshine and pleasure possible into our stay at this place. He has promulgated and championed nearly all of our social and athletic activities, always working quietly behind the scenes and with no thought for personal glory.

To me, personally, he has been a great help and inspiration and with him as a buckler, this office has been enabled to serve you. The sunshine of his presence has been felt everywhere about the Post. On behalf of the Post I am glad to make this effort, however feeble, to express appreciation to our friend, Capt. G. N. Slattery.—The Editor.

AGAIN GRATEFUL.

Another musical treat was given the boys of this Post on Sunday night when the Miniature String Orchestra of the Hequembourg School of Music made its second appearance here at the Red Cross House, under the direction of the Y. M. C. A. A sacred program was given at time. The performance of this organization is truly wonderful when judged from the most critical standpoint and reflects great credit on its director, Mrs. Hequembourg. The orchestra is composed of the following players: Piano and Director—Mrs. Hequembourg; Violin—Miss Katharine Thurston, Miss Mary Lachland, Miss Adel Lewit, Miss Elizabeth Beazley, Mr. Theodore Haxall, Mr. Benjamin Lachland, Mr. Louis Biagi, Mr. Harry Azinski.

Assisting on the program were Mrs. C. G. Harris, soprano. Miss Louise Williams, accompanist, and Mr. R. E. Morrison, tenor.

We wish to comment most favorably on the rendition of Del-Riegos "Oh Dry Those Tears," sung by Mrs. Harris, with Mrs. Hequembourg, playing the violin obligato. The program throughout was most enthusiastically received by the men, who unanimously request a return engagement of this organization.

Movie for Wednesday—Cannibals of the South Seas—Starring Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnston.

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RED CROSS.

The spirit of the Red Cross,
Serve man, woman and child,
Exemplified to perfection,
In Johnson, the mild.

—M. E. K.

(Some little Poet, this M. E. K.)

Miss Mary E. Jordan, chief nurse, has been a welcome guest of the Red Cross. On Monday, she left for New York for a seven-weeks' rest, and will then go to a hospital in Manila.

"Kind, unselfish, was our Chief Nurse."

Mr. Red Cross Johnson left for Camp Lee yesterday, leaving Mr. Barlow in charge. He is to return temporarily at the end of the week.

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WE HATE TO DO IT, THEREFORE
WE'RE NOT GOING TO DO IT UNTIL
WE HAVE TO.

Run up that number 30, that we spoke about a few days ago. For when 30 appears, the game is indeed over. Number 30 is the last copy to go to press.

SPEAKING OF NUMBER 30.

Please note the marked co-incidence of its use as an indicator of the last copy to go to press. And stop number 30 on the street car line will be "This Way Out" for the last time. Queer old number—is 30.

WE'VE NEVER BELIEVED IN HASH.

Regularly for either mess or "Heads Up" copy, but hash occasionally is delectable either on the table or in "Heads Up." It depends on the material. We consider Friday night's Dance of the Enlisted Men in old Ward C good enough material to re-hash. We don't believe we have "damned with faint praise" the work of Sgt. Bowen and Cpl. Bixler. In fact, we've worn out all our nice adjectives on them. If an encore means anything to them, let's go again, say next Friday night, if we will have done our work properly in the meantime. Bucks may be bouncing again, but we have heard it was up to the non-coms to get the work done, and then have another nice dance. In that connection who said a ball game on Sunday afternoon? Let's die with our boots on (Heads Out but never Down).

Nothing is given so profusely as advice.

NIGHT WORK.

We didn't know whether to spell the first word of our heading "knight" or let it lay, as the gamblers say. The only reason we can think for Noel of the Q. M. pressing his under-clothing would be that he was planning to masquerade as an Elizabethan Knight. Sort of "Knight of the Garter" as it were.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS, ALSO FEAST NIGHTS.

KaCy Kelly gave the six remaining Officers a dinner at the Country Club while

K. C. Cunningham entertained six of the enlisted men by a theatre party at the Lyric, which included a spread. This spread included a spread of peanut hulls.

SPOILED HIS SUNDAY DINNER.

KaCy Kelly was both in and out of luck Sunday noon. He finally received the silver loving cup presented to him by the officers of this Post at that time. Kell was so touched that he didn't eat his dinner. As we say in the betting ring at the race track, "He win big," on the exchange. None prized food more highly than this taciturn writer, but we would go without many a dinner for Kell's cup. It's a beaut, with the name KaCy Kelly on it, presented by the Officers of the Post. Their—some 40 names are inscribed on the other side of the cup.

JUST TO BREAK THE LINE OF THOUGHT!

Who can guess how many million questions Capt. H. A. Repp has been asked on this Post. "Heads Up" will give a China dog for the correct answer.

ANOTHER QUESTION—Was there anybody on the Post who failed to hear the bugler blow "Pay day?"

ONCE AGAIN THE (?)—Did all of Sunday night's I. O. U.'s get in?

(?)—(?)—(?)—How the dog's tail can we cartoon everybody who wants to be cartooned on our first page?

PLEASE DON'T TELL A SOUL!

About that guilty feeling the Morale Officer had when the K. O. got his orders out about fires and asked the M. O. to put something in "Heads Up" about it. Our birdie saw Slats-Up at 11 P. M. one night last week, hold a lighted match over a Red Cross Ford gasoline tank to see if there was gas in it. Our birdie says emphatically, "there was!" Slats-Up will say "There was," too. He was a lucky guy, and with the old water pail got the fire out before the Ford and Red Cross could take on their immortality.

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FLUTTERING HANDKERCHIEFS.

Miss Ronaldson, the Librarian, at the Post and representative of A. L. A., has said good-bye.

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No path of flowers lead to glory.

✱ ✱ ✱

FROM ELSEWHERE.

Dear Editor "Heads Up":—

Am enclosing a couple of poems in place of the contribution for which you asked, also my best wishes to "Heads Up" and "Everybody on the Post."

I hope that that "Annual Heals Up" will come to pass and that there will be many personals from the members of D. H. No. 52.

Please send me the remaining issues of "Heads Up" by weekly installments, or as is most convenient.

Thank you,
CAROLYN M. JONES,

Dundee, N. Y.

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WITH OUR REPORTER.

LOST—Slicker with initials J. T. B.—missing from Detachment Office. Finder return to Sgt. 1st Cl. Bowen.

—O—

Kline, find a different hotel the next time.

—O—

Our "Little Willie" is going to give up dancing for the present.

—O—

Ezra says, "that the weather is too hot for a walking stick, so will go without one hereafter."

—O—

Will some kind-hearted soul, please give Sgt. Blanchard a pack of cigarettes? His associates will appreciate the gift.

—O—

Sgt. Litzenburger's friends say, "that he has something like the sleeping sickness."

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"ATTENTION EVERYBODY—Many A. L. A. Books still A. W. O. L. Turn them in to the Y. M. C. A.

AND

Turn in all door keys to the Detachment Office AT ONCE.

TEN-SHUN ELSEWHERE.

Do you recall in the bygone when the O. D., Morale Officer and Editor of "Heads Up" made O. D. rounds and the conversation was recorded in "Heads Up?" The same three made O. D. rounds Sunday. The conversation this time consisted of sniff, sniff, ah me, and whistling pretty much as the fearful are supposed to whistle going through a graveyard. Graveyard is right, for memories like ghosts do not lay easily. By comparison, graveyards are easy where the corporal dead lay. It need be, a straight honest to goodness graveyard is chummy enough for social purposes by contrast. This memory graveyard here is "tough."

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PITCHED OVER THE TRANSOM BY A REAL LEAGUER.

How soon will you come back to Richmond, Sgt. Robinson?

—O—

The marriage bug still infects the air here from all reports.

—O—

Swede Rowe serves notice that his next enlistment (life) will be served right here.

—O—

The Q. M. boys can handle supplies alright; take notice of the way they put away cider and lemon "juice."

—O—

This is the way "Van" is alleged to have done it. "Shall we splice up and go back to Chicago?"

—O—

Why does Sgt. Neeley sleep under the bed?

—O—

It is said the following boys have surrendered to old "Dan Cupid," Robinson, Rode, Godfrey, Dunning and Van Nest.

—O—

The next time a certain fellow tries to fill the car with cigar smoke when ladies are present someone should make it necessary for him to wear false teeth.

—O—

Dame Rumor has it that Swede is furnishing a house on Floyd Avenue. How about it Swede?

—O—

We are informed that the new Hotel Bevo has a big lift in which guests are carried in their autos right up to their bedrooms. Very novel and interesting, but, with July 1st (Prohibition, we mean!) coming so fast, not very useful.

SEE YOU TOMORROW.